

MYSTERIOUS BEING B(AKA)

MARCH 2020 REQUEST STORY

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Nestled in the back of the Great Imperial Library was a girl. A child that couldn't be any older than eleven or twelve with a messy head of blonde hair and bright blue eyes. It might have been an easy task to mistaken her for a regular girl if not for the military uniform she had on. At such a young age Tanya Degurechaff had soared through the military ranks and unwillingly become a great asset to their efforts, but there was a secret to her success.

She was actually a Japanese salaryman. Or had been in her past life. After getting into an accident and perishing she'd come face to face with a man that called himself a god. He'd promised her a good life in another world, but she'd spat in his face with all of her pride. That being, whom Tanya had labeled mysterious Being X, had answered that pride with spite and the man was reborn in a world of magic as a newborn girl. Tanya's intentions since then? To live an easy life, but likewise scorn that Mysterious Being with all her tiny might.

“Deities of Other Worlds?” A rather sizable leatherback book had found its way into Tanya's hands as she routed through the library's literary stockpile. She clicked her tongue and immediately discarded the book. She didn't just set it aside, or throw it though. No, she full on punted it with all of her might across the vacant reading space. She definitely, absolutely, was not going to admit there was something as logic defying as deities out there.

...Even though she now lived in a world of magic and other ridiculous phenomenon.

The fact didn't change that she wouldn't entertain any claims that contradicted her beliefs, and so she wouldn't be investing her afternoon reading such meaningless tripe. To take her eyes off that book though was a mistake. It had flown so far that she could not see it land open on a page that began to glow a light blue. The light actually formed a word, miraculously.

BAKA, it read.

Not a single person in this world would know what that meant. It was a word from Tanya's native Japan after all. But it meant idiot. That word spoke to the identity of the deity mentioned on that page.

Tanya yawned as she leaned against the reading table she was using, feet not quite touching the ground below her. She'd secluded herself in the library to avoid the chattering of the officers below her, many of which seemed to view her as some paragon of leadership. It was annoying! She just wanted to be left alone in peace! But she did suppose it was kind of endearing... They tried to be so nice to her, almost like they were worshipping-- "**GEH!?**" The child practically croaked like a frog after catching her mind wander there. *WHAT WAS THAT!?*

Never in her life had she considered the idea of being doted upon like the child she was, let alone revered like a goddess. No such thing existed! Only devils like Being X! Needless to say this weird thought soured the peaceful mood she'd maintained during her library stay thus far. Unbeknownst to Tanya however that thought would be just the first of many to come, and it would be accompanied by more change than that.

Regardless, she decided to retire to her chambers with a sampling of texts.

The trip back to the room she was staying in had been plagued with a great deal of misfortune. Tripping up stairs, dropping her books seemingly at random, the stares of other officers fixated on her. It was a string of bad luck unlike any she had endured before without Being X's intervention. No... Maybe it was *because* of Being X? Had he settled to ruin her life with these minor inconveniences!? The child slammed the entrance into her personal space shut and passed a glass cabinet near the door, only to pause as at least one of her misfortunes seemed to have been solved.

It was only natural the other officers had been staring at her since her hair, normally so short and blonde -- a typical color of hair in this world -- had become very *untypical* at some point since her library stay. Blue.

A bright blue had swept through her hair that reminded Tanya of all those anime characters she'd seen as a kid in her past life. There was no way anyone in the Empire would have hair like this, it went against the dress code for sure. Even if she set aside the color for now the length was also a problem. She didn't like girlish hair and always trimmed it above her shoulders, but at the moment it definitely reached halfway down her back.

“Damn it! Is Being X even playing with my appearance now! Is he trying to get me to lose my post? Prevent me from even finding any replacement work? Well, I suppose it compliments my beauty and will turn heads-- WHAT THE HELL!?” Even her attempt to rationalize Being X's play was foiled by a sudden bubbling of misplaced pride in something as feminine as beauty. It totally contrasted it her character, and what was worse was that she'd said it *out loud* this time! It was enough to make her eyes spin.

No, wait! *They were actually spinning!* Since when had her eyes gotten so wide and comically expressive? The blues were even richer than she was accustomed to, better matching the head of hair above. Despite her concerns Tanya thought it best to pull herself away from the reflection a moment. If this really was a trap of Being X's, then there must have been a trigger right? Something that had provoked his wrath? If so, there had to be a way to stop it and stop it fast.

The issue was, despite how smart of a girl Tanya was considering her age (*unsurprising since she still had a salaryman's full head of knowledge as well*), that intellect just didn't seem to be manifesting as it usually did. Under normal circumstance she could recall the events of the past few hours with ease, but as it stood everything seemed blurry. She could definitely remember all of the accidents she had on the way back from the library, but...

Wait, the library? Hadn't there being a stupid book about gods or something that she'd kicked across the room? Tanya couldn't believe how dumb she was! That was obviously the trap! She just had to go back and find that book and ***AHH!?*** Of course that thought wasn't meant to end with a scream, but in moving back towards the door her center of balance had sent her tumbling forward, girl just barely able to catch herself with a hand against the wall.

Dizziness now? Was Being X trying to make her sick on top of it all? If only she were so lucky. She'd taken her eyes off the reflection so she didn't realize it yet, but her face had been given an unneeded makeover to compliment her new eyes. Her cheekbones were sharper and her chin longer, lips having grown plump and taken on a natural pouting expression. **“What's happening noooow?”** The way she accentuated

her words was beginning to shift too, that expressiveness now seen in her eyes plaguing a voice that seemed just a touch higher as well.

“What? WHATWHATWHAT!?” Now teeming with dramatic flair that made Tanya’s stomach churn, she couldn’t help but freak out once she’d gotten a good look at the hand that had caught the wall. Her fingers seemed longer? More than that her nails were neatly manicured and painted with a sky blue. She had never once in her life as a girl put enough emphasis on the fact that she was a girl to pretty up her fingers like they were now, and the fact that her palm likewise seemed larger gave her pause. It was much more than her hair and eyes that was changing, wasn’t it?

She needed to find that book fast. But then what? How would she make all the changes stop? Apologize to Being X? *NEVER!* She had her pride as a goddess-- *AS A HUMAN*. She’d never give into that dumb, stupid devil! **“Hell, even my words are hard!”** And that was the dumbest thing she probably could have said as she corrected her posture. Her vocabulary had taken such a big hit!

Just as the girl had fixed her posture and stood up straight, the feeling of the front button of her military pants popping off made her realize she had bigger problems. Literally. Her uniform was child-sized and fit snugly, so naturally any growth to her body would see it unravel. This was exactly what had been happening in the interim of her fall, and was a large reason for her suddenly center of balance change. Hips had widened as maturity struck them, legs growing not only long but slender as the pants were pulled up her legs to leave ankles and calves bare.

Tanya had no choice but to struggle to kick her boots off despite the limited movement tighter pants allowed. Kick! Kick! They weren’t coming off! She was flailing around like a fool as feet rapidly expanded within the confines of the boots. But eventually they finally flew off... one crashing into the glass cabinet and smashing it, the second sailing high into the air, hitting the ceiling, before falling heel first into Tanya’s skull. If that weren’t enough for clumsy, the flailing had ended with a loud *RIIIIIP* as the seat of her pants tore down the center thanks to a larger rear filling in. Her pants now, otherwise, sat against womanly thighs like a pair of skintight shorts that had rips in various places.

“Ow, ow, ow!? Why is this all happening to me!?” In her own way Tanya was still cursing, but her edgy manner of speech had become incredibly tame in comparison. The shoulders of her military jacket felt too tight next, torso conforming to the body shape her lower body now had at an alarming pace. The length of either arm met the size of her manicured fingertips, shoulders of the jacket having no choice but to tear right off thanks to the wider gait of her shoulders. As her torso

elongated and age continued to bring her up from 11 years old to a girl in her late teens, the jacket was pulled closer to her chest as her midriff was left exposed along with the more pronounced curvature of her stomach.

And then more buttons popped off alongside an “**OOF!**” that escaped the *woman’s* lips. Because this time it was the front of her *jacket*. It was only natural that her breasts would grow some day. As a girl that had once lived a life as an adult man she’d expected but dreaded it. At her age puberty was inevitable and they’d soon begin to grow in. But not like this. Not so *fast*. Her eyes began to spin cartoonishly again as the flap of her jacket’s top came undone and two creamy mounds were left wholly exposed beneath her. She couldn’t even see her lower body past them! They weren’t incredibly huge or anything but they were much larger than she was used to, *definitely!*

Not in a million years would Tanya think to grope these tits, but fingers wriggled with a curiosity born from a personality that conflicted her own. No! It wouldn’t be proper! “**I’m a goddess after all!**”

“.....”

“**I am, aren’t I?**” A moment of silence had hung in the air after that bold claim. Tanya’s mind had reeled at the proclamation, but she was so disoriented that she just accepted it as fact. A girl so beautiful and powerful like her could only be a goddess, right? As if to demonstrate those powers, a snap of her fingers saw her tattered clothing reshape into a blue dress with shoulderless sleeves and a tied ribbon at the front. The fashion was far more reminiscent of the world Tanya had come from than this one, but even then that was getting jumbled.

She couldn’t remember ever being a man, but she could remember coming from another world. That was her job as a goddess! Her pride and joy, saving other worlds with her divinity! But why did reminding herself of her role leave such a bitter taste in her mouth?

Aqua, as her memories now identified herself, looked around the room. Wait, where was Kazuma? Megumin? Darkness? Hadn’t she just been with all of them? Had this world summoned her? No way, no way! She was already on a quest, she couldn’t just be yinked from it. Could she?

Could she?

Hours later, the idiot goddess was arrested for trespassing.